THE NEW ENTERPRISE
Madison, Florida.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Entered at the Madison Post Office as Second Class Matter.

COLUMBUS B. SMITH, Editor.

Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates made known on application. Correspondents will please write on only one side of the paper, be brief in your items, but give every item of news. We must have the name of every contributor, not for publication, but that we may know the correspondence is authentic. All anonymous communications will find a home in the waste basket. Address all communications to

THE NEW ENTERPRISE,
Madison, Florida.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1907.

NEW ZEALAND MAGIC.

A Native Story of the Power of the Tohunga.

From New Zealand comes the following weird yarn:

"The tohunga (native magician) was even credited with the power of influencing the dead. The present writer was a witness of the following incident: A branch of the Arawas, the tribe of the district of Rotorua, being at war, had suffered defeat, and one of their braves had been brought home dead. The vanquished sought at once to find out by some omen connected with the dead chief whether they would be successful in their next encounter. The tohunga was requested to procure the desired omen, the people squatting in a ring about the liter. Advancing a few paces from the dead body, the priest began to recite a powerful incantation, intent on making the deceased give some sign, the eyes of all present being fixed on the slain warrior. Presently the corpse was observed to move slightly to one side, on which a great cry of joy rose from the people. The movement was interpreted as a sign of future victory. This feat was often performed by the tohunga of olden times." — Chicago News.

THE OLD MASTERS.

Miserable Compensation For Their Grand Works of Art.

"I make more money in a day than Michael Angelo made in a month," said a popular illustrator. "I've been studying up the wages those old chaps got. It is amazing.

"Michael Angelo was paid $40 a month while doing the cartoons of the battle of Pisa, and Leonardo, who helped him, got the same rate. They were both docked for lateness and off days, but there was no overtime allowance. Correggio got for his 'Christ In the Garden' $7.25. Carracci's 'Resurrection' only brought the painter $6.50. Albert Durer for his pen and ink portraits was not paid in cash. A bag of flour, a hundred oysters, a pair of boots—Durer would gladly do your portrait on such a system of remuneration.

"Rembrandt's top notch price was $475. He got that for his 'Night Watch.'

"Velasquez worked chiefly for the Spanish government. He was paid at the average rate of $35 a picture. Think of it! Thirty-five dollars for the 'Rokeby Venus!'"—Minneapolis Journal.

A MARRIAGE FICTION.

The Old Time Notion That Matches Are Made In Heaven.

The polite fiction obtains that marriages are made in heaven. This romantic viewpoint is particularly popular in America, where it is held to be highly improper for parents to make any move toward securing good husbands for their daughters and immodest for girls to manifest any interest in the subject themselves.

The conventional theory is that the matter is on the knees of the gods and that in due season husbands will be provided like manna in the wilderness for sustenance of the faithful. Unfortunately this miracle does not always come off for every woman. The supply of manna gives out. There are not enough husbands to go around, and these are unevenly divided. Some women get three or four, while others get none. But neither the old maids nor their parents realize that the reason that they did not share in the dispensation was their own fault, because they did not put themselves, as old fashioned Methodists used to say, in an attitude to receive the blessing.—Dorothy Dix in Ainslee's.

Bunions.

"By the way," said the old shoemaker, "do you know what makes a bunion? No? Well, it is simply getting shoes too short. In a short shoe the foot cannot follow the dictates of growth imposed by nature. But it simply cannot keep from growing.

"So the tissue and bone and flesh that should go into the toes is simply sidetracked into a bunch wherever it can get the easiest and forms a bunion."—Philadelphia North American.

The best portraits are those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature.—Macaulay.

TITLES OUT OF TONE

Incongruous Names an Observer In a Museum Noted.

BIRDS OF ANOTHER COLOR.

The Purple Finch, For Instance, Is Not Purple, but Wine Colored, and the Great Blue Heron Is Gray—Flowers With Fantastic Designations.

"The purple finch," read the man, as he stood before a glass case of birds in a science museum. He squinted at the bird and then remarked scornfully, "But the bird is not purple; it is wine color." In the next case he encountered the label "Great Blue Heron" at the feet of an extremely long legged creature who was not blue at all, but a decided gray. The neighbor of the blue heron was the "green heron," a bird almost brown, with the tiniest flecks of green on it. Only by a big stretch of the imagination could it be called green. A familiar looking water bird bore the name "black duck," although it was brown with its wings tipped a tawny shade. In the next case there were three birds whose names the visitor read with disapproval. One was the "snowflake," a small bird of a decided brownish hue. Another was the "purple grackle," a brown bird with only the merest suggestion of purple. And lastly there was the "redstart," which was not red at all, but an undeniable orange and black. When he read the next label, "Rose Breasted Grosbeck," and observed that only the throat of the bird was rose color, while its breast was gray, the visitor hurried to find the curator to tell him how wrongly and absurdly birds were named.

The curator laughed. "My dear fellow," he protested, "you have happened on about the only birds in the museum that are incorrectly named. As a matter of fact, the birds found in this part of the country are very well named indeed, and you have picked out only the exceptions. What could be better named than the scarlet tanager, the bluebird, the catbird, the yellow bird, the woodpecker, the phoebe, the red winged blackbird, the bobolink, etc.? If you'll examine the wild flowers you'll find much more incongruous names. For instance, there's the oxeye daisy—and, by the way, the oxeye daisy is the common white petalled daisy with the yellow center, and not the yellow daisy with the brown center, as is generally supposed. Now, I cannot conceive how that little flower appears like the eye of an ox. The black eyed Susan, commonly known as the yellow daisy, is better named, but it is certainly extremely fantastic. It is a crying shame that a certain little sweet pale lavender flower which grows profusely should bear the hideous name of one flowered cancer root because its root vaguely resembles a cancer. But the name sticks.

"Then there is the lady's slipper. Can you imagine a lady's slipper fashioned like that? It is pouchy and clumsy, and its name is no compliment to the fair sex. Another far fetched name is Solomon's seal. You know the flower is a tiny greenish or creamy white affair and is very unattractive in appearance, something like wintergreen blossoms. Well, it gets its name from its root, which bears a round scar left by the broken off old stalk which is so unlike the impression of a seal that it makes one wonder how any one could possibly have seen the likeness. The false Solomon's seal, by the way, is disgracefully named. It is far prettier than the real Solomon's seal and should have a pretty name of its own.

"Now, the name dogtooth violet is another bad one. In the first place the flower does not at all resemble a tooth of any sort, and in the second place it is nothing at all like a violet. The wild geranium is a fragile flower, lavender in color, something on the hepatica type, only considerably larger, so you can see how much likeness it has to the sturdy garden geranium.

"You've seen that crimson flower which at a distance looks like a wild rose and whose leaves are much like grape leaves and whose stems are very sticky? Well, its name is purple flowering raspberry, while its color is an unmistakable crimson.

"The blue vervain is a tall weed, with tiny, homely flowers, which grows in waste places beside the road, and it is purple, not blue. The iron weed has a queer Latin name which means 'Mr. Vernon, belonging to New York,' and is named after an early English botanist of New York state.

"How do you suppose those pink, fragrant blossoms along the roads which are near cousins to the garden phlox got the name of bouncing Bets? It seems incongruous and flippant for this delicately tinted flower. On the other hand, who do you suppose gave the name cowslips to the small flowers of the meadow? It is certainly an appropriate one, but I wonder who conceived the pretty name."—New York Tribune.

The average elevation of North America is 1,350 feet and of South America 1,300 feet.

AN ALL DAY CIGAR.

The Kind Smoked by a Tribe of South American Indians.

Cigars a foot and a half long, which are made for one day's smoking, are shown in the American Museum of Natural History. With them is a holder which looks like a tuning fork and is large enough to be used for pitching hay.

Far up the Rio Nigra, a tributary of the Amazon, two explorers made a collection of articles for the museum. The Indians there made cigars eighteen inches long and as big around as a child's arm. One of these cigars is too much for any ease loving man to clasp, so the Indians put the fragrant roll between the tines of a fork two and a half feet long, stick the sharp end of the handle into the ground at a convenient distance from their hammocks and take a puff from time to time as they sway lazily backward and forward.

There are many other picturesque articles in the collection, which was made during a three months' journey from the coast. The material is of the highest value, and nothing like it has been seen except a few articles in a German museum.—New York Herald.

STEAMSHIP NAMES.

The Way They Are Shortened In the Companies' Offices.

No matter how long or difficult of pronunciation may be the name of a steamer, the passenger agents and clerks of the various steamship lines make an effort to be correct in using it when selling tickets to customers. Occasionally they make a slip of the tongue and call the steamer by the nickname used in the office when passengers are not around. The steamers of the Atlantic Transport line, the Minneapolis, the Minnetonka and the Minnehaha, are referred to generally as the "Minnies." Individually the Minnetonka is called the "Tonk" and the Mesaba the "Mes." The Red line Vaderland is called "Father," the Finland the "Fin" and the Kroonland and the Zeeland the "Kroon" and the "Zee," respectively. The prefix St. is dropped when reference is made to the St. Paul; the St. Louis is called "Looie" and the Philadelphia is called the "Phillie." The North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse in the parlance of the office force is the "Big Bill" and the Kaiser Wilhelm II. is "Billy Two."—New York Tribune.

Blindness of Conceit.

"Ever notice the density of a conceited person?" asked a business man. "To me that's the most striking thing about such an individual. Maybe he has some qualities that justify his good opinion of himself, and maybe not. He's dense just the same, and the proof of it is that he doesn't realize how he impresses his associates unpleasantly. If the average conceited man had the least idea of the handicap under which he is laboring he'd shed it mighty quick. But he hasn't, and it's impossible to drill it into him. He's the modern human ostrich, with his head stuck into the sand, so far as any recognition of his disagreeable trait is concerned."—New York Press.

Half Understood.

"What are you reading, Marian?" asked mamma of a little girl with her head bent down under a heavy volume in her lap.

"'The Wide Awake World,' mamma."

"Gracious, child!" interrupted a big sister. "You can't understand more than half of that book."

Marian looked at the speaker with dignity. "I read it for the half I do understand," she said.—St. Louis Republic.

Trust.

"Here you went and told me you would trust Beasley with your life, and on the strength of that I loaned him $10 that now you tell me I'll never get."

"Well, what of it? I said I'd trust him with my life, and I would. Beasley may be a beat, but he is no assassin."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Preserving Her Bridges.

Mrs. Gossip—Mrs. Richleigh has so much embonpoint, hasn't she? Mrs. Someup (ludicrously)—Well, now, she might have if she wasn't so fat.—Baltimore American.

Lightning as She Saw It.

While little Gertrude was looking out of a window during a thunderstorm she saw a flash of lightning play along a telegraph wire.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "I just saw a piece of the sun fall down from the sky!"—New York Press.

Matrimony's Small Change.

In olden times it took a broken sixpence to plight the troth of two fond hearts in proper style. These days it's the lover who is broke. But he is much the same old sixpence.—Puck.

Not Guilty.

Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor—Let go that jib sheet. Unenthusiastic Landlubber (who has been decoyed into acting crew)—I'm not touching the beastly thing!—Punch.